3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

The Indians
of the
Painted Desert Region

Hopis, Navahoes, Wallapais, Havasupais

By
George Wharton James
Author of "In and Around the Grand Canyon," etc.

[TITLE Page]

With Numerous Illustrations from Photographs

[p. iii]

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[pp. i-ii, iv-xxii not processed]

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER XIII

THE PEOPLE OF THE BLUE WATER AND THEIR HOME

OF no people of the Southwest, perhaps, has so much utter nonsense been written as of this interesting People of the Blue Water, the *pai* (people) of the *wasa* (blue) *hakha* (water) — the Havasupais. As far as we know, Padre Garcés was the first white man to visit them in their Cataract Canyon home, and he speaks of his visit in his interesting Diary translated and annotated by the lamented Elliott Coues shortly before his death.

Captain Sitgreaves, Lieutenant Ives, Captain Palfrey, Major J. W. Powell, Lieut. F. H. Cushing, and others in turn visited them, but very little was either known or written about them when, over a dozen years ago, I was conducted to their marvellously picturesque home by Mr. W. W. Bass, the well-known guide of the Grand Canyon.

The journey on that occasion was a remarkable one for me, as, though I was fairly well versed in the trails of the Grand Canyon (having then descended four of them), I had never seen such a trail as was the Topocobya Trail down which we descended late in the evening. Leaving our wagon, after sixteen miles' drive through the Kohonino Forest from Bass Camp, we packed food, blankets, and cameras on horses and burros, and, after two miles of travel in what in Western parlance is called

[pp. 1-198 not processed]

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

133 a "draw," the real head of the trail was reached. We walked in the closing dusk of day to the edge of the precipice and looked off to where our guide told us we must shortly be travelling. Far below, almost a thou-
133 sand feet, without the sign of a trail, it seemed as if he
491 must be hoaxing us. Soon, however, as we followed him,
487 we found ourselves on a rocky shelf, and then began the most stupendous series of zigzags I had ever been on. Back and forth we wended, our trail a mere scratch on the rocky slope, here descending rugged steps, where a misstep meant sure and awful death. Higher and higher the walls rose around us; darker and darker grew the night; more weird and awesome the wind and weather carved figures sculptured on the sides and summits of the walls, and still down we went. At last we reached a vast cavernous-like place where Topocobya Spring is located. A small flow of water comes from the solid rock, and there we watered our horses and filled up our canteens prior to advancing on our seemingly never-ending descent. At last we reached the level, and there, lighting a fire, made camp and rested before penetrating farther into the deep and mystic recesses of the Havasupais. Early in the morning we began the farther descent. Mile after mile we traversed, first riding on the dry bed of the winter stream, then entering the narrower walls formed by the erosion of centuries through first one stratum of rock, then another. Now we were riding on a narrow shelf, on one side of which was a high wall, and on the other a deep, narrow ravine, in the bottom of which the erosive forces have cut a number of holes,— small troughs or bath tubs in the sandstone, where during the rainy season pools of delicious water may be found. In a short time

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

we were riding up or down literal stairways cut in the rock, or rounding "Cape Horns," where we held our breath at the dreadful consequences that would ensue were horse or man to slip. Entering Rattlesnake Canyon our whole course was on a shelving slope of rock, over which even experienced horses tread gingerly. At last we came to the bed of the main canyon, and then for five or six miles we journeyed on, in the sand or the gravelly wash, for the stream that flows through this narrow canyon in storm times has no other law than its own wilful force. To-day we ride in one place, to-morrow's storm changes everything. After numberless twinings and twistings, all of which, however, gave a persistent northwesterly direction to our travelling, we came in sight of a score or so of large and fine cotton-wood trees, whose height far surpassed the smaller mes-quite, cottonwood, and other trees that line much of the canyon's bed. These large trees told us our journey was practically at an end, for here begins the outpour-ing of the numberless springs that make the stream we can already hear rushing in its pebbly bed lower down. Without any premonition they spring out in large and small volume at the foot of some of these trees, and the Havasu — the Blue Water — is made. Every few yards adds to the water's volume, for more springs empty their flow into it. The first and only real buildings are the schoolhouse and the homes of the farmer and teachers, and then, at once, begin the small farms of the Havasupais.

Stand on the slope here, where a mass of talus rises from the trail side, so that we can survey the whole of the picturesque scene. Note its setting! Towering walls of regularly laminated red sandstone, though the

3:James T-8 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

133 361 layers are of differing thicknesses, wind in and out, as if following the meandering course of the stream, and over this the perfect blue of the Arizona sky. These make the most marvellously picturesque dwelling-place of America. Even Acoma's mesa heights and Walpi's precipice-surrounded walls are not more picturesque, and when you add the charm of the verdure nourished by the sweet waters of the Havasu, the picture is complete in its unique attractiveness.

Not even in the Green Emerald Isle, or the county of Devonshire, or the vineyards of France, is richer verdure to be found than fills up the open space between these great walls. Willows reveal the winding path of 133 241 the Havasu, and everywhere else are the fields of the Indians. Patches of corn, watermelons, squash, canteloupes, beans, sunflowers, chili, onions, and alfalfa, with 311 here and there peach, mesquite, and cottonwood trees, abound. As a rule these patches are protected and set off one from another by hedges of wattled willows or fences of rudely placed cottonwood poles. Through [487] the fields trails meander in every direction, and they are [312] also "cut up" by irrigating ditches. Some of the better irrigated fields are divided into small sections — like the squares of a checker-board — in order that the water may be more systematically distributed.

342 The peaceful *kawas* of the Havasupais nestle here and there among these verdant growths. Themselves covered with willows, it is often hard to distinguish them from the trees, were it not that at our approach small [291] groups of men, women, and children, some clad in flaming red, others in all the colors of the rainbow, and some in even less than Mark Twain's descriptive smile, stand forth and reveal the dwelling-places. Now and again

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

the curling line of bluish smoke of the camp-fire reveals the hawa, and we gladly avail ourselves of one or the other of these marks of identification to make ourselves more familiar with the real home of the Havasupais. After investigation we find there are several distinct types of houses, all simple and primitive, and yet each different from the other.

Chickapanagie's summer home is a type of the simplest character. Two upright poles with forks at the top, standing about six feet high, are placed in line with each other fifteen feet apart. A cross-beam is placed on these uprights. Then a row of poles, about eight to nine feet in length, is sloped against the cross-beam. These are covered with willows, and there is the completed hawa.

What queer dwelling-places men have, and ever have had, and possibly ever will have. At the Paris Exposition of 1889 one whole street was devoted to a history of inhabited dwellings. At one end were the earliest "homes" of the paleolithic age, caves and huts, followed by the Lake Dwellings and the wickiups, tepees, or tents of the present-day Indian, the latter being the same primitive structures the aborigines have ever used. The other end of the street was devoted to the domestic architecture of our own day, and there, in a few hours, one could study almost every known form of home structure. But who could ever reproduce some of the homes these Havasupais live in? Wicker huts in the open, and caves in the faces of solid sandstone walls two thousand feet and more in height, these in turn surmounted by domes and obelisks and towers and cupolas that no modern architect dare attempt to rival.

These massive walls absorb the heat of the sun in

342 summer time and thus keep the canyon intensely hot both night and day. The large flow of water and
[137 the dense growth of willows and other verdure keep
132] the soil constantly moist, so there is a humidity in the atmosphere which, in hot weather, makes it very oppressive.

132 This moisture renders the canyon cold in winter, although the thermometer never ranges very low. Snow falls but seldom, and then disappears almost as soon as it lights. In 1898 there was snow that stayed on the ground for several hours, but this was one of the severest winters they have had for many years.

133 A hundred yards or so below where the springs commence to flow Wallapai Canyon enters from the left. It is similar in appearance to, though narrower than, Havasu (Cataract) Canyon, the walls being of red sandstone, the strata of which are as regular as if laid by masons. A few hundred yards beyond the junction of
491 the two canyons a remarkable piece of Indian engineer-
499 ing is in evidence, showing how the Indians ascend
133 from a lower to an upper platform. There is a drop here in the stratum of some twenty-five or thirty feet, and to overcome this obstacle the Havasupais built a cage with logs which they filled with stones, and then from this stretched rude logs up and across, to which other logs were fastened, thus making a fairly substantial bridge from the lower to the upper stratum over which their horses as well as themselves could safely pass. The trail from this point ascends through tortuous canyons a distance of seven miles to the territory occupied by the Wallapais.

133 Just below the entrance to Wallapai Canyon a vast mass of talus has fallen, and two hundred yards farther

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

down, the Cataract Canyon trail goes over a portion of this talus to avoid the creek, which has here crossed from the other side of the canyon and has become a rapidly flowing stream some two feet or more in depth. Attached to this talus is a large mass of solid concrete made of pebbles, rocks, and sand that have been washed down in the creek and made cohesive by the lime from the water. Here the canyon narrows again and the stupendous walls seem very near to the willow-fringed stream and the small fields. A few hundred feet farther it opens out again, and as one rides on the trail he gets exquisite views of the gray stone walls superposed on the red sandstones to the northwest. These gray and creamy sandstones, with their numerous and delicate tints and shades, afford most delightful contrasts to the glaring and monotonous red of the walls beneath. From this point we gain our first view of the so-called Havasupai stone gods, named by them "Hue-gli-i-wa," the story of which is told elsewhere.

These rocky pillars with their supporting walls seem as if they were once a part of a great wall that entirely spanned the canyon, the towers being sentinel outlooks to guard from attack both above and below. The portion of the wall to the right, as one descends the canyon, has been washed away, but the tower-crowned mass to the left still preserves a broad sweep into the very heart of the canyon as if it would bar all further progress. Following the sweep of this curve and passing the wall immediately underneath the outermost of the two towers, we view from the trail which ascends a mass of talus at this point another widened-out part of the canyon, which seems entirely covered with willows, here and there overshadowed by a few straggling cottonwoods.

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

133
712

HAVASUPAI FORTRESS AND HUE-OLI-I-WA, OR ROCK FIGURES.

[facing p.206]

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

133 This is where the ceremonial dances of the Havasupais
798 take place.

796 On the summit of the wall on the other side of the canyon from the Hue-gli-i-wa are two stone objects, one named Hue-a-pa-a, and the one farther down the canyon, Hue-pu-keh-i. These are great objects of reverence, for they represent the ancestors of the Havasupai race. Hue-a-pa-a — the man — has a child upon his back and two more by his side, and he is calling to his wife — Hue-pu-keh-i — to hurry along, as the baby is hungry and needs his dinner. The full breasts of the stone woman show that she is a nursing mother.

133 Slightly below these stone figures, and on the right-
712 hand side of the canyon, is the old fort, where in the days of fighting the Havasupais were wont to retire when attacked. The fort is impregnable on three sides, being precipitous, and on the fourth is accessible only up a narrow trail, which is guarded by piles of rocks which are ready to be tumbled, even by a woman, upon the heads of foes who attempt to ascend. The fortifications and stones for defence still remain, but it is many years since they were used for their original purposes.

000 One's mind becomes very active as he looks upon this tribe of Indians and thinks of their traditions, history, and life. So far, their almost entirely isolated
[648] condition has been their preservation, although, sad to say, much of their earlier contact with our civilization was not of the best character.

Even in this land of our boasted Christianity it is true that the strong prey upon the weak. The domination of physical force is giving way to the domination of mental force, but which is the greater evil? Why

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

should the man born with a mental advantage over his fellows exercise that advantage any more than the man born with a physical advantage? We have not quite ceased to worship the Sullivans, the Corbetts, and the Fitzsimmonses, and, where we have, we have transferred our worship to the intellectually strong, many of whom are no more worthy our homage than the prize fighters. So now it is the intellectually strong who prey upon the intellectually weak, and, as in the physical conflict, it is inevitable that the weak "go to the wall." In simple cunning the Havasupai Indian may be our superior, but in deep craft he is "out of the field." His bow and arrow tipped with obsidian or flint pitted against our repeating rifle; his rolling of heavy rocks opposed to our Gatling guns; his mule and burro against our iron horse; and his pine torch against our electric light, — all demonstrate him to be in his intellectual minority, or at an intellectual disadvantage. He makes a fine figure in our romances, but I sadly fear that the knell of his doom has sounded, and that a few generations hence he will be no more.

Wallapai and Havasu Canyons, far more than the Grand Canyon, meet the popular idea as to what a canyon is. Their walls are narrow and precipitous, and one staying in their depths must be content with a late sunrise and an early sunset. Just above the rude bridge before described are several natural reservoirs of water. Here the canyon is not more than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet wide. This close proximity of the walls, which fairly overshadow one, compels one to feel his insignificance far more than when he stands in the wider and more comprehensive vastness of the Grand Canyon.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Tumans NT14
Havasupai

173 648 From leading Havasupais I learn that many years ago the various tribes of this region were at war one with another, until finally a treaty of peace was entered into and boundaries defined. The Paiutis were to remain in Nevada and Utah and not cross the Colorado River, the Wallapais had their region to the west of Havasu Canyon, the Mohaves, Hopis, Pimas, Apaches, Navahoes, Chimehuevis, and the rest their prescribed limits, over which they were not to go without permission from the chiefs into whose territory they wished to pass. And, generally speaking, this treaty has been observed.

ooo Of the exquisitely beautiful waterfalls that give the commonly accepted name to Havasu Canyon, viz., Cataract Canyon, I have not space here to treat. I have already somewhat fully described them in my book on the Grand Canyon.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER XIV

THE HAVASUPAIS AND THEIR LEGENDS

IN almost every case one finds a variety of differing legends related by the Indians of any tribe upon the same subject. As the Wallapais and Havasupais are cousins, one would naturally expect their legends to have some things in common. How much this is so will be seen by a comparison of the following story with that of the Wallapai Origin Legend.

"The two gods of the universe," said O-dig-i-ni-ni'-a, the relator of the mythic lore of the Havasupais, "are Tochopa and Hokomata. Tochopa he heap good. Hokomata heap han-a-to-op'-o-gi — heap bad — all same white man's devil. Him Hokomata make big row with Tochopa, and he say he drown the world.

"Tochopa was full of sadness at the news. He had one daughter whom he devotedly loved, and from her he had hoped would descend the whole human race for whom the world had been made. If Hokomata persisted in his wicked determination she must be saved at all hazard. So, working day and night, he speedily prepared the trunk of a pinion tree by hollowing it out from one end. In this hollow tree he placed food and other necessaries, and also made a lookout window. Then he brought his daughter, and telling her she must go into this tree and there be sealed up, he took

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

773
539

a sad farewell of her, closed up the end of the tree, and then sat down to await the destruction of the world. It was not long before the floods began to descend. Not rain, but cataracts, rivers, deluges came, making more noise than a thousand Hack-a-tai-as (Colorado River) and covering all the earth with water. The pinion log floated, and in safety lay Pu-keh-eh, while the waters surged higher and higher and covered the tops of Hue-han-a-patch-a (the San Franciscos), Hue-ga-wool-a (Williams Mountain), and all the other mountains of the world.

"But the waters of heaven could not always be pouring down, and soon after they ceased, the flood upon the earth found a way to rush into the sea. And as it dashed down it cut through the rocks of the plateaus and made the deep Chic-a-mi-mi (canyon) of the Colorado River (Hack-a-tai-a). Soon all the water was gone.

[823]

"Then Pu-keh-eh found her log no longer floating, and she peeped out of the window Tochopa had placed in her boat, and, though it was misty and almost dark, she could see in the dim distance the great mountains of the San Francisco range. And near by was the canyon of the Little Colorado, and to the north was Hack-a-tai-a, and to the west was the canyon of the Havasu.

"The flood had lasted so long that she had grown to be a woman, and, seeing the water gone, she came out and began to make pottery and baskets as her father long ago had taught her. But she was a woman. And what is a woman without a child in her arms or nursing at her breasts? How she longed to be a mother! But where was a father for her child? Alas! there was no man in the whole universe!

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai
Walapai

252
302
291
516
531

A Wallapai Woman pounding Acorns.

252
415
285
531

Chickapanagie's Wife, a Havasupai, parching Corn in Basket.

[Facing p. 210]

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

773
539

"Day after day longings for maternity filled her heart, until, one morning, — glorious happy morning for Pu-keh-eh and the Havasu race, — the darkness began to disappear, and in the far-away east soft and new brightness appeared. It was the triumphant Sun coming to conquer the long night and bring light into the world. Nearer and nearer he came, and at last, as he peeped over the far-away mesa summits, Pu-keh-eh arose and thanked Tochopa, for here, at last, was a father for her child. She conceived, and in the fulness of time bore a son, whom she delighted in and called In-ya'-a — the son of the Sun.

"But as the days rolled on she again felt the longings for maternity. By this time she had wandered far to the west and had entered the beautiful canyon of the Havasu, where deep down between the rocks were several grand and glorious waterfalls, and one of these, Wa-ha-hath-peek-ha-ha, she determined should be the father of her second child.

"When it was born it was a girl, and to this day all the girls of the Havasupai are 'daughters of the water.'

"As these two children grew up they married, and thus became the progenitors of the human race. First the Havasupais were born, then the Apaches, then the Wallapais, then the Hopis, then the Paiutis, then the Navahoes.

"And Tochopa told them all where they should live. The Havasupais and the Apaches were to dwell in Havasu Canyon, the former on one side of the Havasu (blue water), and the latter on the other side, and occupy the territory as far east as the Little Colorado and south to the San Francisco Mountains. The Wallapais were to roam in the country west of Havasu Canyon, and the

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

973
539

Hopis and Navahoes east of the Little Colorado, and the Paiutis north of the big Colorado.

"And there in Havasu Canyon, above their dancing-place, he carved on the summit of the walls figures of Pu-keh-eh and A-pa-a to remind them from whom they were descended. Here for a long time Havasupais and Apaches lived together in peace, but one day an Apache man saw a most beautiful Havasu woman, and he fell in love with her, and he went to his home and prayed and longed and ate his heart out for this woman who was the wife of another. He called upon Hokomata, the bad god, to help him, and Hokomata, always glad to foment trouble, told him to pay no attention to the restrictions placed upon him by Tochopa, but to cross the Havasu, kill the woman's husband, and steal her for his own wife.

"The Apache heeded this evil counsel and did so.

"When the Havasupais discovered the wrong that had been done them, and the great disgrace this Apache had brought upon the tribe, they counselled together, and determined to drive out the Apaches from their canyon home. No longer should they be brothers. They bade the Apaches be gone, and when they refused, fell upon them and drove them out. Up the rocks near Hue-gli-i-wa the Apaches climbed, and to this day the marks of their footsteps may be seen. They were driven far away to the south and commanded never to come north of the San Francisco Mountains. Hence, though originally they were brothers, there has ever since been war between the people of the Havasu and the Apaches.

"Then, to remind them of the sure punishment that comes to evil-doers. Tochopa carved the great stone

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

figures of the Apache man and the Havasupai squaw so that they could be seen from above and below, and there to this day the Hue-gli-i-wa remain, as a warning against unlawful love and its dire consequences." 773 539

Here is another story told by a shaman of the Havasupais of the origin of the race. It is interesting and instructive to note the points of similarity and difference.

"In the days of long ago a man and a woman (Hokomata and Pukeheh Panowa) lived here on the earth. By and by a son was born to them, whom they named Tochopa. As he grew up to manhood Pukeheh Panowa fell in love with him and wished to marry him, but he instinctively shrank from such incestuous intercourse. The woman grew angry as he repelled her, and she made a number of frogs which brought large volumes of water. Soon all the country began to be flooded with water, and Hokomata found out what was the matter. He then took Tochopa and a girl and placed them in the trunk of a pinion tree, sealed it up, and sent them afloat on the waters. He stored the tree with corn, peaches, pumpkins, and other food, so they would not be hungry, and for many long days the tree floated hither and thither on the face of the waters. Soon the waters began to subside, and the tree grounded near to where the Little Colorado now is. When Tochopa found the tree was no longer floating he knocked on the side, and Hokomata heard him and came and let him out. As he stepped on the ground he saw Huehanapatcha (the San Francisco Mountains), Huegadawiza (Red Butte), Huegawoola (Williams Mountain), and he said: "I know these mountains. This is not far from my country. And the water ran down the Hack-a-tha-eh-la (the salty stream, or the Little Colorado) and made Hack-

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

773
539

a-tai-a (the Grand Canyon of the Colorado). Here he and his wife lived until she gave birth to the son and daughter as before related."

The way the Wallapai became a separate people is thus related by the Havasupais:

"A long time ago the animals were all the same as Indians, and the Indians as the animals. The Coyote he lived here in Havasu Canyon. One time he go away for a long time and he catch 'em a good squaw, and by and bye he have a little boy.

"The little boy grew up to be a man, and he went up on top (out of the canyon, upon the higher plateaus), and there he found two squaw. It heap cold on top, and he get two squaw to keep him warm when he go to sleep. Then he came back to Havasu, and when his papa (the Coyote) saw his two squaws he said: 'I take this one. One squaw enough for you.' But the boy was angry and said one squaw was not enough. 'When I lie down to sleep I heap cold. Squaw she heap warm. Two squaw keep me warm.' The Coyote told his son not to talk; he must be content with one squaw and go to sleep. And the squaw was proud that the Coyote had made her his wife, and she began to taunt the boy, and when he replied she asked the Coyote to tell his boy not to talk. And the Coyote was mad and spoke angrily to his boy.

"When he awoke in the morning his son was gone. And ten sleeps passed by and still he did not come back, so the Coyote tracked him up Wallapai Canyon, and went a long, long way. He reached the hilltop and still he did not find his son. At last, a long, long way off he saw him, and he changed him into a mountain sheep. Then a lot more mountain

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

773
539

sheep came and ran with the Coyote's son, and the Coyote could not tell which of the band was his boy. He looked and looked, but it was all in vain. He tried to change his boy back again, so that he would no longer be a mountain sheep, but, as he could not tell which was his boy, his efforts were in vain, and he had to go back to Havasu alone.

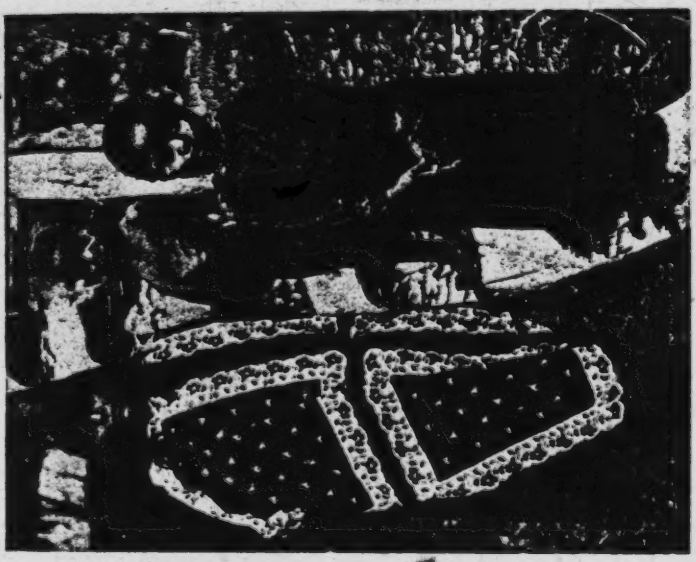
"For a long time the boy remained as a mountain sheep, until the horns had grown large upon his head. Then he changed himself back to a man, and he found his squaw there, waiting for him, and that is why, to this day, the Wallapai is to the Havasupai the A-mu-u or mountain sheep."

The origin of the Hopis is thus related by the Havasupais:

"Long time ago two men were born near Mooney Falls. They were twins, yet one was big man, and the other a little big. They came up into this part of the canyon (where the Havasupais now live). It was no good in those days. There was no water and it was 'heap hot.' The little big man he say: 'I no like 'em stay here. Let us go hunt 'em good place to live where we catch plenty water, plenty corn.' So they left the canyon and climbed out where the Hopi trail now is. Here they stayed in the forest some time, hunting and making buckskin. After they had got a large bundle of buckskins dressed, they put them on their backs and began to walk on to seek the country of lots of water, where plenty of corn would grow. But it was hot weather and the load was heavy, and they soon grew so very tired that the smaller brother began to cry. As they walked on he cried more and more,

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

142
291
302
531



A Family Group of Havasupais.

[482
854]

Havasupai Mother and Child.

[Facing p. 216]

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

773
539

until when they came to the hilltop looking down to the Little Colorado River, he said: 'I cannot go any farther. I am going to lie down here and go to sleep.' So they both went to sleep, and when they woke up the big brother said: 'Where you go? You no walk long way. You heap tired.'

"And the little brother answered: 'I no like go farther. I go back Havasu. I catch 'em water there.'

"'All right!' replied the big brother, 'I no like Havasu. I go hunt water and plant corn and watermelons and sunflowers. You go back to Havasu.'

"And he gave him a little bit of corn, and that explains why the Havasupais can grow only a small amount of corn in their canyon, though it is exceedingly sweet and delicious.

"But the big brother went on and found the places now occupied by the Hopi, and he settled there. And as he had taken lots of corn with him and he planted it, that explains" (to the Havasupai mind) "why the Hopi has so much corn.

"And the smaller brother found water when he got back to Havasu, and he planted his corn, and cared for it, and went and hunted and caught the deer and made buckskin. Then he found a squaw who made baskets, and helped him make mescal, and they stopped there all the time.

"The Hopi brother learned to make blankets, but no buckskin, so when he wants buckskin he has to come to his smaller brother in Havasu Canyon."

173
361

In the early days the Havasupais were undoubtedly cliff-dwellers, for in a score or more places in their canyons are houses in the cliffs — some of them inacces-

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

sible — which their traditions say were once occupied by certain families, the names of which are still remembered. All throughout the Grand Canyon region, too, from the Little Colorado River to Havasu Canyon, their cliff-dwellings, and smaller cliff "corn-houses" and mescal pits, are to be found. Indeed, the Havasupais built all the trails that are now being claimed as the work of white men into the heart of the Grand Canyon. The Tanner-French trail, the Red Canyon trail, the old Hance trail, the Grand View, Bright Angel, and Mystic Spring trails, are all old Indian trails. Not only are the cliff-dwellings and mescal pits proof of this, but the Havasupais can tell the families to whom they originally belonged and to whom the rights in them have descended. These rights they rigidly adhere to. It is the white man who knows no law as far as the Indian is concerned, and little by little the aborigine has lost springs, water-pockets, and trails, and is regarded and treated as an unwelcome visitor.

By this it must not be inferred that the Indians built the trails as white men build. In the main their trails were rude paths such as the mountain sheep might make, but in every case they had one of these rude pathways down into the canyon somewhere near to where the modern trails are now located. At the Bright Angel this path was changed when white engineers took hold of it, and at Mystic Spring Mr. Bass had built an entirely new trail, down a different slope, long before he discovered the Indian trail. Both unite near two great natural rock-cisterns, and then deviate below, the Indian trail zigzagging to the left, while Mr. Bass engineered a new trail of easy grade on the talus to the right.

Some of the Havasupais are returning to the cliff-

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

342 dwelling style of homes. My friend Wa-lu-tha-ma is forsaking his wood and brush "hawas," and constructing a house under the cliffs, where, as he quaintly puts it, he can "keep dry when much rain comes."

174 It seems to me a reasonable supposition that it was
342 from the frequency of the occurrence of these corn-
648 houses in the walls of Havasu (Cataract) Canyon, with the occasional appearance of a few of the larger houses used as dwellings by the Havasupais, that the absurd and romantic yarns had their origin that fifteen, or less, years ago, were current in Arizona and elsewhere about this interesting people. The cowboys, miners, prospectors, and others, who accidentally stumbled upon the upper entrance to the Havasu Canyon, and wandered down its meandering course for ten or forty miles, even to the village of the simple Havasupais, returned to civilization and propagated and circulated stories that out-Munchausened Munchausen. They said these people were cliff-dwellers, living at the present day in the walls of the canyon; they were of powerful physical presence, and possessed great endurance. Their fields and gardens were wonderful, and their peach orchards surpassed those of most civilized cultivation, and they held in slavery a lesser people, dwarfs or pigmies, doubtless, who were cliff-dwellers like themselves, and whom they compelled by great cruelty to perform the most arduous labors.

Others, having heard these stories, but whose spirit of adventure took them no farther than the "rim" of the canyon, claimed to have looked into the village and side canyons, and there seen the truth of these stories demonstrated. They had seen the pigmies and the gigantic Havasupais, had heard the harsh yells of the

latter at the former, and had seen the frantic endeavors of the little people to obey the stern behests of their masters. 174 342 648

All these yarns are explained by the fact that the distance of view dimmed the vision; the pigmies were boys driving the burros or horses, yelling and shouting as Havasupai boys delight to do, the voices magnified fifty-fold by the echoing walls of the canyon, while the parents moved around attending to their own business, or looked on and occasionally helped by a shout of encouragement or suggestion. [857]

James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER XV

THE SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE HAVASUPAIS

342 362 FROM the cradle to the grave the life of a Havasupai is practically an out-of-door life. Their hawas — even the best of them — are partially exposed and open, and in the summer hawas there is no pretence at what among civilized peoples is essential privacy.

526 The games of the Havasupai children seem very few. I have seen only three. Of the first importance is shinny, or, as they call it, *tha-se-vi'-ga*. The goals are *go-ji-ga'*, the ball, *ta-ma-na'-da*, and the playing stick *ta-se-vig'-a*. The boys enter into this with the zest one would expect of such a time-honored game, yet, such is their general indifference to prolonged effort, they do not play it very often.

An easier game, but generally left to the girls, is, *hui-ta-qui'-chi-ka to-ho'-bi-ga*, which I have fully described in my book on the Grand Canyon.

[177] The third game is stolen bodily from the Navahoes, except the name, which with the Havasupais is *Tŏd-wi-ga*. It is the Nan-zosh, and is elsewhere fully described in these pages.

181 Such a paucity of games is indicative of low mental power, lack of imagination and invention, and results in, or perhaps *from*, a slow, heavy mental tempera-

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

ment. There is no comparison between the children of the same ages of the Havasupais and the Navahoes or Hopis. And yet, when they enter school, some of the Havasupais learn with a rapidity equal to that of these other children. 18|

It seems strange to find a people whose children have no equivalent for dolls; nothing specifically to care for. They are capricious in their treatment of their domestic animals, cats and dogs, sometimes petting them to excess, and then lifting the yelping or squalling creatures by the legs, twisting these members over their backs, or otherwise torturing them. [231]

The boys and the girls, as well as the men and women, are expert horse riders. Every family has its horses, and the children ride from their earliest years. Even as I write I catch glimpses now and then of a red-shawled girl on horseback and hear the hard strike of the horse's hoofs as he dashes along at break-neck speed along the trail near the hawa of my host. All ride astride, and are as fearless in ascending and descending the steep trails that give access and egress to their canyon home as the wildest and most expert of the Rough Riders. 492

One of their great sports and gala times is when visiting Indians — Navahoes, Hopis, or Wallapais — come with fleet horses and races are arranged for. While they have no "Derby Day," they have days on which half the personal property of the village is pledged on the success of certain horses. They are inveterate gamblers; and blankets, buckskins, saddles, bridles, Navaho jewelry, horses, burros, and everything "gambleable" are risked on the outcome. And what an exciting scene an Indian horserace is, and how picturesque! There 541 525 [574]

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

541 525 is not so much difference after all in human nature, when one penetrates below the surface. The reserved Englishman, the excitable Italian, the vivacious Frenchman, and the so-called stupid and stolid native aboriginal American exhibit exactly the same traits of character under the excitement of a horserace. But in Havasu Canyon the conditions are quite different from Ascot, Doncaster, or Newmarket. Here are bucks dressed in the breech-clout and excitement, and women [291] gesticulating and waving their si-dram'-as (our large flaming red or other "loud" colored bandannas, fastened over the shoulders and across the breast). [152] Some suppress their excitement, others jabber like monkeys, and as the horses come to the starting-point there is just as much talking and din as after the start is made. One distinct feature is that many horses are raced without riders. They seem to understand, and when the signal to "let go" is given they dart off at full speed, just as if riders were on their backs urging them forward. Compared with our finely bred, beautifully chiselled horses, such as one sees, or used to see, in Lucky Baldwin's or the late Senator Stanford's stables, what ragged, scrawny, wretched creatures these are; and yet when they run how they surprise you, how those ugly limbs seem to limber up, and those sleepy eyes gain fire!

Gambling at these races is carried to an extraordinary extent. Men, women, and children alike gamble all they possess, or even hope to possess. This gambling spirit has grown wonderfully in the past few years, for, during the Kohot Navaho's lifetime he constantly used his powerful influence to discourage it.

Gambling, unfortunately, is not confined merely to

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

horse-racing. All the afternoon, as I have sat at my work, a group of eight women, some young, some middle-aged, and one old, have gambled without cessation for five solid hours. Two young mothers had their babies — surely not more than two to three months old — and the youngest of the women was one of these mothers, and she could not have been more than eighteen years of age. Girls gamble at *Hui-ta-qui-chi-ka* for safety-pins, and boys for knives and the like, so that now it is a vice which has affected every individual of the tribe.

The Havasupai children are expert ball tossers. With three or four small melons they rival the conjurers and jugglers of our vaudeville shows in feats of dexterity, keeping three or more balls in the air at the same time.

Boys and girls alike run around in the fiercest rain, their feet and legs wet and the few clothes they have on absolutely soaked. The idea of changing them has never seemed to enter their primitive minds, and without care, without a fire, unless he chooses to build one, the youngster gets along as best he may. It is a case of the weaker going to the wall, for here only the strong can survive.

There is very little attempt on the part of their parents to control them. They are generally allowed to do as they choose. I have often seen a little girl take a cigarette from between her father's lips, give it a few puffs, and return it, he all the while either indifferent to, or unconscious of the act.

The close proximity of Havasu Creek and its large ponds or reservoirs, made by the irrigation dams, naturally suggests that they are swimmers. Observation

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

526 868 confirms this. From earliest childhood they are expert swimmers, boys and girls alike learning the art often before they can walk. I have seen mere babies placed in the creek and ditches by their parents and older brothers, and one can scarcely say they are taught to paddle, for it seems to come instinctively. There is not a child in the village who cannot swim and dive expertly, and there is no greater fun than to expend a dozen nickels by throwing them into one of the reservoirs and having the children dive for them. Sometimes they can be induced to bring the coins up in their teeth, even picking them in that manner from the sandy bed of the reservoir. They are as expert swimmers as the children of the South Seas. No Kanaka going out to meet an incoming steamer could ride the billows more daringly than the boys and girls of the Havasu swim in the rapid currents of their little stream. I have been with them to-day for a couple of hours. The boys dived into deep water and rose and fell like loons. I amused myself by throwing a stone into ten or more feet of water, and four or five of the boys would dive for it and get it almost as quickly as I could throw it. It was no sooner in than it was out again. One of the little girls, a sister of one of the boys, stood watching the sport. She became so interested that, suddenly, without removing her calico dress, she jumped into the deep place and enjoyed the fun with the rest.

526 231 Then, a Havasupai man, riding a burro, brought the animal down into the stream where it was shallow and had a gravelly bed. For an hour he and the boys amused themselves by swimming back and forth through the deep pool, and every now and again one or another would jump on the creature's back and, hanging on,

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

overbalance him, or make him turn a somersault. The burro bore it all good-naturedly and seemed to object very little to the fun: the only time he showed decided inappreciation was when the Indians got him down into deep water and forced his head under for too long a time.

A little later on a horse was brought, who entered into the sport as if he were used to it. He swam back and forth and took to the water as willingly as a child takes candy. The boys hung on to his mane, got on his back, his neck, or hung on to his tail, and, to all seeming, it was all the same to him.

Though they are so fond of the water, the Havasupais cannot be called in some respects a cleanly people. Far from it. Though they take the sweat bath almost as a religious rite[1] and their skin is thus kept clean, there is another kind of cleanliness in which they are very remiss. It would be unreasonable to expect that people living in the exposed wicker huts of the Havasupais could approach anywhere near the ordinary white man's standard of cleanliness. But certainly they might have a higher standard than they do. Lice swarm in the heads of the children and most of the women. On the other hand, all the younger men are particular to be cleanly in this regard, and dress their hair with skill and neatness. Bed-bugs abound in Havasu Canyon as in no other place on earth. They swarm everywhere, and are absolutely found in clusters in the sand, under the old bark of decayed trees, and in every conceivable and inconceivable lodging-place. The warm sand and the seductive moisture that obtains during the major part of the year must be especially conducive to their

[1] See "In and Around the Grand Canyon."

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

515 breeding, for they are ubiquitous. Yet, strange to say,
136 I have never known of an instance where a bed-bug has been brought out of the canyon by a visitor. Though I have been with the Havasupais scores of times I never detected one of these vermin either in my clothing or bedding. The breed seems to be peculiar to the warm, moist air of the canyon and to be unable to live away from it, for which we give hearty thanks.

136 Now and again scorpions may be found, and, after a rain, I have seen a score of hundred-legged worms (perfectly harmless) rolled up on the trail between the village and Bridal Veil Falls.

Rattlesnakes are not common anywhere in those portions of the canyon much visited by the Havasupais, but now and then one may be found on the trails or basking in the sun on the rocks near by. Elsewhere in this canyon and its many greater or lesser tributaries they are common, and the Indians can find any quantity if they are sent for them. In all my years of wandering to and fro, though, I have not seen a half-dozen rattlesnakes in Havasu Canyon.

Other pests are mosquitoes, gnats, and a small black fly which, in certain seasons, persistently lodges in the eye, causing considerable annoyance, and sometimes distress and pain. There are not many mosquitoes, though at times they are troublesome enough to satisfy one for their scarcity.

285 Many of the women are expert basket makers, and in
[462] my book on Indian Basketry I have fully explained their methods of work and the charming nature of their designs. The Havasu Canyon is a basket maker's paradise, for the stream is lined for miles with willows
[137] suitable for this work.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

The process of making strands or splints of the willows is a very simple and primitive one. Here as I sit writing (Sept. 14, 1901), Chickapanagie's squaw has a lot of willow shoots before her. Taking hold of one end of the splint in her teeth, she pulls away the cuticle with her fingers. These alone are her tools, and it is astonishing the rapidity and regularity with which the process is accomplished. 285

As soon as a girl can frame her fingers to the work of basket making she is required to begin. It is very interesting to watch the small children in their endeavors to make the rougher baskets, and then, as they grow in skill, try the finer work. Pul-a-gas'-a-a is not more than eight years of age, and yet a basket — kü-ü— she brought to me was one of her own make, and it now occupies a place in my collection. The work is irregular and crude, but shows skill, and if the child has patience to stick to it, in time she will become one of the most accomplished basket makers of the tribe. 285 868

As soon as possible after attaining puberty the Havasupai girls marry, generally between the ages of thirteen and fourteen. The parents themselves urge these early marriages. Whether they fear the loss of virtue in their daughters from evil white men, or the degenerate young men of their own tribe, I do not know, but several parents have told me that the sooner their girls marry, after they are marriageable, the better pleased they are. 582

Marriage is generally arranged by purchase. When a young man sets his affections upon any particular girl, he contrives to show his preference for her, and, as soon as he finds that his attentions are agreeable, he visits his fair one's father or nearest male relative, and 584

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

584 without parley begins to bargain for her as he would for a horse or any other commodity. The standard price for a wife is ten to twenty dollars, and where a trade cannot be made with a pony or blanket, the money itself is offered. The bargaining completed, there are no further preliminaries or ceremony, except that, three weeks or so before the wedding, the bride-[591] groom takes up his residence in the hawa of the bride's parents. He is treated as one of the family, and at night rolls himself up in his blanket and sleeps alongside his prospective kinsfolk on the floor of the domicile. 585 At the end of three weeks, if the contracting young folks are satisfied that their dispositions are harmonious, and if the marriage settlement is satisfactory, the wedding takes place. The groom takes his bride, the old folk take the medium of purchase, and the company laughs and banters the young husband and wife. [591] The man takes the woman to his hawa, and the announcement of their marriage is made by the fact that they are living together and have assumed marital relationship.

584 Sometimes an obdurate father or mother will refuse to sell a daughter, and thus expresses disapprobation of the 593 suggested match. Occasionally, as among more civilized people, the young couple mournfully, but dutifully, acquiesce in the decision of the older people, but, more often — even, also, as white young people do — they rebel, and take the decision into their own hands by eloping and living together. This ends the matter. [586] The ethics of the tribe are such that cohabitation once entered upon, the parents have no authority to declare the marriage void. And, as a further penalty for his obdurate obstinacy, the father loses the ten dollars or

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

its equivalent he might have had by being kind and complaisant to the desires of the young couple.

The Havasupais are polygamists, and believe in having as many wives as they can buy and support. At the time of his death Kohot Navaho had three wives living with him, and I personally know of two others that he had discarded on account of old age. When Hotouta, his oldest son, was living, his mother was a thrust-out member of Navaho's household. She was almost blind and decrepit, and Navaho with a wave of his hand and ten words had dismissed her from his bed and board. Hotouta had a tender heart and used to speak very bitterly about the injustice of this custom which allowed an old and helpless wife thus mercilessly to be discarded.

Shortly before Navaho's death his oldest wife evidently "ruled the roost," and it certainly must have been by other means than her physical beauty. And yet she was vain of her good looks, for, when I made her husband's photograph, she became my strong ally in persuading him to sit before the camera, on condition that I would make a "sun-picture" of her own beautiful physiognomy and enchanting *tout ensemble*. When I made the photograph, she secured her petticoats between her legs in such a manner as to make them appear like rude trousers, and when I commented upon the unfeminine appearance and asked her to spread out her skirts in orthodox style, she boxed my ears with a manner at once decisive, haughty, and jocular, and bade me proceed as she was or not at all. The second wife was a meek kind of a creature, who seemed to be entirely under the dominion of wife number one; but the youngest wife, a buxom woman of twenty-three

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

595 157 or four summers, evidently knew how to hold her own, for she once or twice refused to obey wife number one, though she readily obeyed the same request when given by Navaho personally. This woman is now married to my old host, Waluthama.

582 684 Marriage with a white man is unknown among the Havasupais, and unlawful cohabitation with one is punishable by death.

582 The question of marrying is becoming a more serious one with the Havasupais each year. While occasionally a man will marry a Wallapai squaw, there is a strong sentiment against marriage outside of the tribe. Yet the number of the tribe is so small, and intermarriage has so long been carried on between them, that it is no uncommon thing for a young man or woman to be debarred from choice in marriage. At the present time Gōō-fwho's son can marry but one girl in the whole tribe without violating their own laws of consanguinity, about which no people are more particular.

622 156 The present Head Chief — Kohot — of the tribe is Man-a-ka-cha, a heavily built man, who is popular with the younger element. But he suffers much in comparison with the former Kohot, Navaho, who died in 1898.

[142] Kohot Navaho's was a strong face, marked and furrowed with bearing the cares of his little nation. A firm chin, powerful nose, gentle mouth, courageous forehead, eyes which were once fiery as well as piercing, but of late years had little of their primitive fire, — these gave a key to his character, in which firmness, courage, bravery, and gentle tenderness were commingled. His whole demeanor was of dignity and pride. No Euro-

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

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LAHOMAH'S WIFE. A HAVASUPAI.

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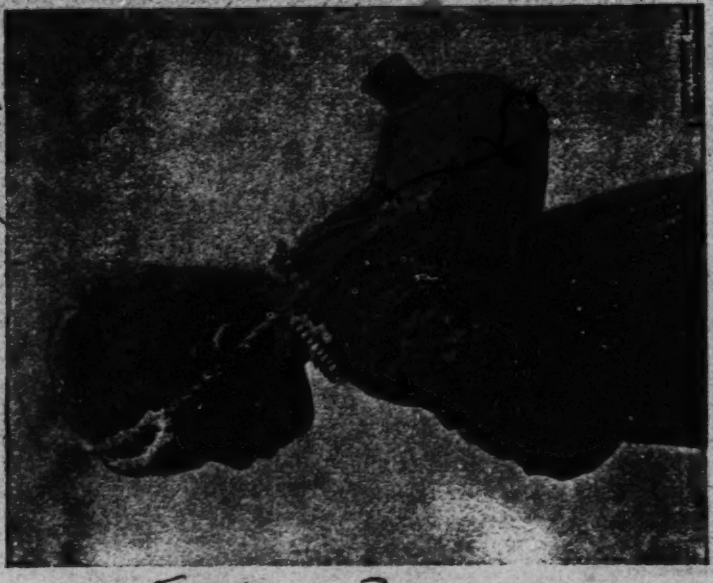

WALUTHANCA'S DAUGHTER, WITH EBOWA, GOING FOR WATER.

[FACING p. 230]

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

pean sovereign in the days of despotic power could have worn the "air" of a monarch more regally than Navaho. But it was real with him. His kingship was within himself as well as in the affection of his people.

As might be expected with their powerful physical development, the men are great wrestlers, and often may be seen indulging in friendly but none the less hard and exhausting bouts, where Havasupai methods of cross-buttocking and other "throws" are tested to the utmost. One of the former teachers was an expert wrestler, — learned doubtless among the Sioux, with whom he used to live as a United States teacher, — and one secret of the influence he had over the Havasupais was his ability to "down" them in a wrestling match. Time and again he had given their best men great "falls," and the more he threw, the more they respected and obeyed him.

As runners and trailers they almost equal the Mohaves, Apaches, and Hopis, though, on the desert, their endurance is not so great as that of these two desert tribes. As canyon climbers, however, they surpass either of them. The climbing muscles, by life-long and constant practice, are remarkably developed, and they run up and down the long, wearisome, steep trails of canyons in a manner to excite the envy of a college athlete, and the astonishment of one who has, but a short time before, laboriously and tediously essayed a brief trip in which ascending or descending a steep trail was an essential feature.

As riders they are skilful and full of endurance, but they are neither as graceful nor as daring as the Navahoes.

Men and women both dress the buckskins for which the Havasupai is so famous. Amole root is macerated

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

and beaten up and down in a bowl of water until a good lather and suds are produced. Then the operator takes a mouthful of the liquid and squirts it over the skin, which he manipulates and softens, rubs, scrubs, and pulls with his fingers and feet, moistening it again and again as occasion requires. Wild catskins are treated in the same way.

From this excellent buckskin the men make moccasins for themselves and their women. The first time I saw Kohot Navaho he was sitting naked, upon a blanket outside his hawa, his three wives near by, they cutting and preparing peaches for drying, he busily engaged making a pair of moccasins. The sole is of two or three thicknesses of heavy rawhide, to which the uppers of buckskin are deftly sewn, with strings of catgut or deer intestines, the holes being made by a bone awl.

Every summer trading-parties of both Hopis and Navahoes come down to the village, bringing blankets, ponies, pottery, and the like, for exchange. In 1898 there were three separate bands of Navahoes and two of Hopis. Trading is a serious process. Laws of barter or sale are first made, before the traders open their packs, and all the people are expected to abide by these loosely promulgated laws without question. Then the hawa of the Havasupai host is turned into a store. Poles are suspended in every possible direction on which to show off the blankets to best advantage. A crowd of chattering men and women stand outside, or, now and again, come inside, during the whole day, and at night-time the men who have done business come in, squat on the ground, and spend the hours in smoking, tale-telling, and gossip.

There is difficulty in the Havasupai mind at trading

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

for more than one thing at a time. If you wish to buy six articles from the same Indian, you cannot pay a lump sum for the six. Each one must be traded and paid for separately. 437

In most things there is no fixed standard of price. Fictitious values are placed upon articles of no value whatever, but to which the Indian mind has attached singular virtue and importance. On the other hand baskets, which require days to manufacture, taking no account of the time and arduous labor expended in gathering the materials, dyes, etc., for that purpose, are sold at varying prices, but nearly always far too low to begin to compensate them for the efforts expended. 435

Yet they are keen traders in their way. "What can I get out of him?" is the normal attitude of mind, and the price is made to correspond to what the seller imagines is the ability of your pocket.

In dealing with them, I adopted the plan years ago, as a fixed rule, from which I seldom deviate, to state a figure I will give for things offered to me, and that sum, no more, no less, is what I will pay. They soon learn this, and, though at times it seems to be a disadvantage, it gains the confidence of the Indian and he will the more readily trade with me. 437

I once excited the hearty laughter and some scorn of the Havasupais by buying a lot of old baskets, blankets, etc., that they had long deemed of no value. I was seeking their older styles of work and urged them to bring me "any old trash" they had discarded. The usual crowd assembled around my camp, and, as each specimen of dilapidation was half-shamefacedly revealed a shout of laughter arose, directed partially at the would-be seller for her temerity in supposing that such rubbish

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

437 could ever find a purchaser, and partially at myself for being so foolish as to want to carry it away. But I obtained some fine specimens, though much worn, of the workmanship I desired, so could afford to be very complaisant at the derision I aroused.

157 The Havasupai is one of the most jolly, frolicsome, and light-hearted of mortals. With his stomach full he 181 has no cares, and he goes into fun with a zest and energy that are pleasing. He is fond beyond measure of practical jokes, — when he is not the victim, — and cares very little who suffers so long as he can obtain fun. Consequently if one meets with a misfortune, especially a laughable one, he need expect little, if any, sympathy in Havasu Canyon.

They are a singular mixture of frankness and cunning, of honor and deception, of truth and frankness, of reliability and untrustworthiness. They will as deliberately and coolly lie to a white man about anything and everything — if it suits their purpose — as they will [55] tell the truth. Ask a man his name — an insult, by 57 the way — and he will lie to you, even though you are a good friend; as, for instance, when, after being the guest of "Supai Charley" for several days, I quietly and without seeming intent asked him his name, which I knew to be Wa-lu-tha-ma, that I might send him some gifts I had promised. For a few moments he hesitated, and then said "Qu-ar-ri" — a Wallapai name that has no relation to the Havasus whatever. Sinyela was full of deception, and yet, when a friend told him he might catch one of his horses and ride it so far, and we reached that point and I suggested to him that he take the pony forward and leave it at the designated spot on his return, he would not listen to it for a moment.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

They are petty thieves, but years of experience have taught me that they could not be persuaded to engage in larceny on a grander scale. One of my first experiences in this line was to have some little thing taken from my camp many years ago (I forget now what it was). Immediately I sent for Hotouta, and told him the article must be returned. In a few hours the boy thief (now a hang-dog looking buck) came and brought back the article. 157 181 685

On my last visit, coffee and candy were taken from my sacks at Wa-lu-tha-ma's hawa, and three necklaces which I had taken as presents for some of the children. I spoke angrily to my host of his negligence to protect my goods when they were in his care, and, as for the necklaces, said if they were not returned by morning I should complain to the agent, and have the thief discovered and punished. Long before sunrise in the morning the necklaces were returned.

There is a good deal of craft about some of them. For a long time Captain Jim and a few others had wished to have a road or trail made around Hue-gli-i-wa that would make it less dangerous, and add much to the comfort of the people, who lived both above and below this spot, when they wished to visit each other. For years nothing was done. But when, this year, he took the matter up again, he did it in a round-about way that won success. He urged that an invitation be sent to the leading horsemen of the Wallapais to bring their best horses and come and run races with them. The Wallapais accepted the invitation. Now was Captain Jim's opportunity for the display of his finesse. He casually suggested to some of the most ardent racers that the way to beat the Wallapais was to make a race-track 157 181 541 574 499

3:James T-6 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

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just the same as the white men did, and, when it was completed, train their horses to run on it until they were so familiar with it that, when the Wallapais came, they would be able to take all the advantages this additional knowledge would give. The suggestion worked like a charm. It was Tom Sawyer's woodpile over again. The young men waited on the Kohot, Manakacha, and asked permission to cut a road a mile long through the middle portion of the canyon. The only place where this could be done was just where Captain Jim desired the road. He was appointed to see that the work was properly done, and the first few days of my visit were enlivened by the echoing roars of the powder explosions that were set off. When I went down to the lower part of the village it was over the new and completed road, a full mile in length, and well cut out and graded. Such a consummation was devoutly to be wished, and while races are not an unmixed good, one could tolerate them the easier for the Havasupais if they would always be the means of accomplishing such desirable ends.

157 181

The Havasupais are far from being dull and stupid, as casual observers suppose. They can see the point of things as quickly as some of their white neighbors. For instance; I have elsewhere, in my Grand Canyon book, told how Silver, Hotouta's fine horse, was given to Mr. Bass. This horse has always been an object of envy to some of the young men of the tribe. Mr. Bass also bought from Sinyela a red mule of some of my exciting experiences. Having once had possession of this mule was in itself an overpowering temptation to those Indians, who, in the days of Sinyela's ownership, had been permitted to ride it. Consequently Mr. Bass

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

was often annoyed by finding, on his return from an absence of a few days, that Silver and the mule, one or both, had been taken from the pasture and ridden by the Indians. When he completed his trail across the river and finally established the ferry that bears his name — the only ferry, by the way, across the Grand Canyon, and the only one on the Colorado River between Lee's Ferry and the one below the mouth of the canyons — he decided to swim Silver and the mule across the river and keep them for use on the north side. When this was done Chickapanagie was present. With a twinkle in his eye he said: "Bass heap sopogie (understand). Havasupai no ride 'em Silvern, and Red Mule no more."

There is wide diversity in the attitude different members of the tribe hold towards the whites. Some are friendly, others openly hostile and ugly, while others merely receive strangers on sufferance as a necessary evil, useful for the purchase of baskets and such other things as they may have to dispose of.

Manakacha was elected to his kohot-ship because the majority of the men were in favor of keeping out the whites from Havasu Canyon, and he was ever averse to the white man.

Those, however, who are friendly, are good and true friends, as those who knew Hotouta, Spotty, and others who are gone can testify.

Spotty was a genial, kindly soul, with whom I had various dealings. He was intelligent and reliable in his intercourse with me, though a medicine-man and ready to dispense charms, incantations, and native medicines on the slightest pecuniary provocation. On one of my early trips to Havasu I negligently overlooked

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

609 taking a sufficient supply of extra films. What an idea!
648 To start on such a trip and forget one's camera rolls. There were about thirty exposures left on my film and I was sure I should need two hundred and fifty. Indeed, long before I had reached the Havasupai village all the roll was exhausted, and no more pictures could be taken.

I was disgusted with my own want of forethought, and generally disgruntled, when lo! on sight of Spotty the idea occurred as if by inspiration: "Why not send Spotty for it?" No sooner suggested mentally than I broached the subject. The round trip was a good fifty-five to sixty miles, and much of the road up Havasu Canyon, and I must have the roll within twenty-four hours. Spotty's eye was on the main chance, and he at once expressed his willingness to go provided there was "enough in it." "How much you give me?" he inquired. I considered for a while, and then with a Pecksniffian air of benignant charity offered him "two dollar!" "Al lite, I go! Maybe so I go quick you catch 'em two dollars and a half?" he asked. I studied over it awhile before committing myself, and then queried "When you start, Spotty?" Looking up towards hue-a-pa-a (the man image) on the upper rim of the near canyon wall, he pointed. "I go when you see 'em *ha-ma-si-gu-va'-ta* (the evening star)."

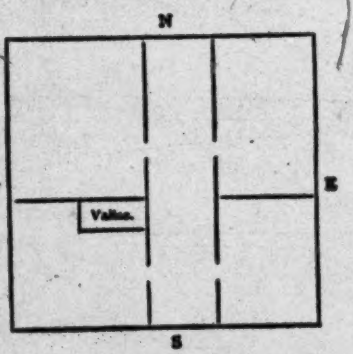
"When you come back?"

"I come back next day all same time you see 'em *ha-la'-ha* (the moon). Maybe so I come back sooner you see 'em, you give me two dollar half?"

A twenty-four hours' ride on horseback — nearly sixty miles — through a solitary country where his only company would be coyotes, mountain lions, and other

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

wild animals, and a large portion of it ridden in the dark night, for two dollars, with a bonus of fifty cents if the trip was made within twenty-four hours, — it was not extravagant pay, so I cheerfully acceded to his request for the bonus. But now came the difficulty of fully explaining to Spotty what I wanted, and where he could find it. The tent at Bass Camp was divided into five compartments, — two small rooms with canvas walls on either side of a long room which ran through the centre of the tent, its entire width. Making a plan of the tent on the ground, so, and giving him the compass points, I showed that my "all same white man's basket made of leather," viz., my valise, was in the northeast corner of the southwest room. The film was in the valise, but I also needed my ruby lamp, so I deemed it best for him to bring valise and lamp, which latter was separate. Off he went cheerfully and merrily, and two hours before the moon rose he was back at the camp with valise and lamp safe and secure. He received his bonus and we were both happy.



Like all other Indians, they used to have an abnormal dread of the camera.

One of my Havasupai friends, U-math-ka, thus stated his reasons for refusing to be photographed. With graphic gesture of horror and dread he said: "If you make my picture I die pretty soon. I look at the Sun. He get heap hot. I no breathe. I lie down. I die!"

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

609 When I assured him no possible injury could result, he
177 yielded to my urgent entreaties so far as to consent to
152 allow me to make his sun-picture, on the sole condition, however, that I did not ask him to look at the camera, or to cease talking (he was relating some Havasupai myths at the time). His condition was what I desired, for it enabled me to secure the accompanying natural and life-like photograph.

195 In speech the Havasupai tongue is not very musical
194 or agreeable. The voices of men and women are soft and sweet, as a rule, and either when singing their rude aboriginal songs or those that they have been taught at school, they show a natural appreciation of tone that is not usual or common. In a sentence the last syllable of the last word is often a third higher than the rest of the word. This gives a singularly emphatic effect.

The voices of the men are not unpleasant, though generally they are thrown too high — head tones — to be agreeable; and as conversation increases they often allow their voices to rise to an almost querulous note. There is a good deal of the chant about it of a half-musical nature.

The women's voices are usually sweet and musical, but the language itself does not lend itself to the display of vocal sweetness. It is not a "liquid" language. It is full of crooks and twists, gutturals and harsh labials, and seems to be ground out in angles with a machine-like regularity. In some cases, the women, having imitated the querulous tone of some of the men, have developed a harshness that is disagreeable. The rapid-
192 ity with which they learn new words is remarkable.
153 Lanoman, one of the present policemen, asked me the

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

English of a number of words, and all during the day I heard him repeating them over to himself, and seldom would he need correction.

The dress commonly worn by the women consists of a short skirt and waist, made of colored calico, and a *si-dram'-a*, which may be described as a rude shawl, two corners of which are tied obliquely across the chest. When at work this is often slung over one side of the body so that one arm is free. Among the Havasupais the si-dram-a that is most desired and sought after is one made of four large bandana handkerchiefs, with red as the choice of colors.

The men, when I first visited them, seldom wore anything more than the breech-clout except in cold weather, but as school influences began to permeate the village, blue overalls and the cast-off trousers and other clothing of the white man were donned, until now it is a rare sight to see a man clothed in any other than the ordinary fashion, though the influence of the outside Indians is seen in the Spanish "cut" of all home-made garments. Moccasins are the common foot-gear, though occasionally a man or woman may be found wearing "civilized" shoes.

Fish, pork, chicken, all kinds of birds and eggs, are tabooed as food by the Havasupais, but they eat rats, deer, antelope, rabbit, prairie dog, and mountain sheep. They are especially fond of beef, and horse and mule meat, no matter how the animals come to their death, are esteemed luxuries. They will even eat lizards and lice.

The prickly pear and the fruit of the amole, or hoshkon, are much favored when ripe. The latter is roasted in the coals until the outside is completely blackened.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

252
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A hole is made in this carbonized surface to let out the steam, and, when cold, the fruit is eaten as a great delicacy. I have often eaten and enjoyed it, though it has a sickish-sweet vegetable taste that at first is somewhat unpleasant. The pinion nut, sunflower and squash seeds are also regarded as delicacies. Practice has made the Havasupais dexterous in eating these husk-covered seeds. The novice finds it a wearisome task to hull them, but the expert throws a handful of seeds into his mouth, cracks the shells, and by skilful manipulation eats the nuts on one side of his mouth and expels the shells on the other. When I can do this I shall make a meal on pinion nuts, as they are of exquisitely sweet and delicious flavor.

Sunflower seeds, squash seeds, and a variety of wild grass seeds and corn are parched by the women by placing them in saucer-shaped baskets — or kü-üs′ — with hot ashes, and then tossing them up and down and to and fro until sufficiently cooked. The seeds are then scooped out with the fingers, and ground on a slab of basaltic rock, by rubbing one stone over the other. On the occasion of one of my visits, when I was the guest of Chickapanagie, I made the accompanying photograph of his wife as she thus parched corn in a basket. It was the placing of a covering of clay inside the kü-ü, to prevent its burning, that led Frank Cushing to the belief that here was the explanation of the origin of pottery.[1]

Green squash is cooked after being hacked into pieces in an apparently reckless but most effective manner. With the squash in one hand, the woman takes a large

[113]

[1] See chapter "Basketry the Mother of Pottery," in "Indian Basketry," by George Wharton James.

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

butcher knife in the other and strikes indifferently at the squash, turning it around and at different angles the while. In a few moments chips, as it were, begin to fall into the cooking pot, and after the exterior is cut and hacked in every direction the cook begins to slice it into the pot. When well cooked, it is eaten without any other improvement than a little salt.

Corn and beans are plentiful with them, and both are as delicious and tender as any I have ever tasted elsewhere.

Mescal is one of their chief foods. It is made by them exactly as the Wallapais make it. That fibrous portion of the plant that cannot be treated in this manner is boiled, and the drink therefrom, when fresh, is a sickish-sweet liquid, that, however, might soon become agreeable. This liquid is of a dark brown color, and when boiled for a long time becomes a species of thin molasses.

The Havasupais know no process of fermentation so far as I have been able to learn, and the elders of the people long objected to the coming of the white man because one of the bad things he brought to the Indian was whiskey and other intoxicants.

Quail and ducks abound in various parts of the Havasu Canyon region. Even to this day many of the latter are shot, for sale to the white man, with the arrow instead of the gun. The Havasupais claim that the arrow is far less liable to scare away the flock than is the loud report of a gun, so they keep up their practice with the antiquated bow and arrow, and some of them show wonderful skill in their use. I have often placed a ten-cent piece in a notched stick and enjoyed watching the young men as they fired their arrows at it at a distance

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

of fifty paces. Their skill was such that on one occasion I lost a dollar thus within half an hour.

At one time in February I found the canyon alive with quail, the whirring of whose wings met us on every hand as we rode along from hawa to hawa.

I am told there is no fish in Havasu Creek above Mooney Falls, but from the base of this fall on to the river both large and small fish are abundant. I rather doubt this, as on the occasion of my attempt to reach Beaver Falls down the course of the creek from Mooney Falls I saw no fish, nor signs of any.

One of the Havasupais tells me that mountain sheep may be seen on the northern rim of the Grand Canyon in small bands. When the snow is deep upon the Buckskin Mountains and the Kaibab Plateau they descend to the more temperate regions of the canyon where grass may be found in plenty, and then the Paiuti and Paiced Indians kill them, drying the flesh for later use. This they do regardless of a territorial law, which forbids even an Indian killing mountain sheep at any time. The Indian regards his as a prior right, existing long before there was any territorial legislature, and he acts accordingly.

Mountain lions, wildcats, lynxes, coyotes, badgers, deer, and antelope, with an occasional mountain sheep and bear, are the larger quarry of the Havasupai hunters. The deer and antelope they find in the open grassy glades of the forests on the canyon rim and reaching towards the desert. The other game is generally found in the recesses of the canyons or on the slopes of the far-away mountains of Hue-han-a-patch-a (the San Franciscos), Hue-ga-wool-a (Williams Mountain), or Hue-ga-da-wi-za (Red Butte).

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Some of the skins are dressed with the hair on and are used for clothing, as sleeping mats, or are sold to the travellers at the trains or traded at the stores on the railway. But many of the better skins are carefully tanned and dressed and converted into buckskins, as before stated.

This, indeed, is one of their staple articles of trade, good buckskins fetching as high as five dollars and even ten dollars cash. I have several times seen a blanket for which I had offered eight dollars or ten dollars readily exchanged for a simple buckskin, and it is not an unusual occurrence to note a trade where a fair Navaho pony is given for a large and well-dressed skin.

The outside Indians that the Havasupais are familiar with are the friendly Wallapais, whom they call their cousins, the Hopis and the Navahoes. They have often had wars with the hated Mohaves, Apaches, and Paiutis. The Chemhuevis, Pimas, and Maricopas are their distant, little known, but accepted friends. Far-away Zuni is Si-u, and still farther Acoma is Ac-o-ca-va, and though intercourse with the people of these villages is rare, it has always been friendly.

For the grazing and watering of their horses and other stock each head of a family has a certain region allotted to him, over the boundaries of which he may not allow his stock to wander, except when removing them or by special permission. Manakacha, the head Kohot, takes the range formerly owned or controlled by Captain Navaho, the late Kohot, viz., the region of Black Tanks. Rock Jones (the chief medicine-man) has Topocobya Canyon and the plateau above as far as the other side of the Grand Canyon towards the Mystic Spring Trail, where begins the territory of Vesna, Captain Burro, and

2:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

231 Chickapanagie. This includes the south banks of the
423 Grand Canyon towards the Little Colorado River and including the Mystic Spring, the Bright Angel, the Grand View, Hance's old and the Red Canyon Trails, in the neighborhood of which, for centuries, the Havasupais have been descending. Indeed, it was the Havasupais who made the "Indian Gardens" that are so charming a feature of the Bright Angel Trail. Sinyela has the upper part of Havasu Canyon reaching to Bass's camp at the Caves, named by the Havasupais Wai-a-mel. Uta and Waluthama have the lower portion of Havasu Canyon, around to the head of Beaver Canyon and all the territory on the south side as far as Hack-a-tai-a—the Colorado River.

Thus there are no disputes arising over the wrongful
577 pasturage of stock, as each Indian regards himself as
978 bound by the strictest ties of honor not to deviate from these established and long-observed boundaries.

As I have before stated, the Havasupais at one time
131 owned the whole of the Kohonino Forest region and
423 also the trails into Hack-a-tai-a (the Grand Canyon). From time immemorial they have hunted from Havasu (Cataract) Canyon to the Little Colorado, and, of course, have had access to the water pockets, or rock tanks, in which rain water accumulates all along this dry and springless region. In talking with one of the In-
648 dians recently he asked me if the Great Father at Washington could do nothing for him and his people so that they might still continue to use the water pockets of their ancestral hunting-ground. He said, "You sabe Ha-ha-poo-ha (Rain Tank) and Ha-wai-i-tha-qual-ga (Rowe's Well) and Ha-ga-tha-wa-di-a (the water hole near Hance's Camp) and Ha-ha-i-ga-sa-jul-ga (Red

Horse Tank), Havasupai use these water holes when him go hunt deer and antelope. Now white man him come and say, 'D— you, you get away. I've got no water for any blanked Indian.' We no catch 'em water, we no go hunt, and we no go hunt we no catch 'em deer and antelope and jack rabbit, and by-em-by our squaws and boys and gels go heap hungry. Maybe so you see 'em Great Father at Washington and you tell him, and ask him what Havasupai do." 648

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER XVI

THE HAVASUPAIS' RELIGIOUS DANCES AND BELIEFS

771 THE Havasupais do not occupy a high place in the scale of religious life. They are very different from the Hopis and Navahoes. They have few ceremonies, few prayers, and few ideas connected with the world of spirits. If evil comes upon them they seek to propitiate the power that caused it. They dance and pray. But there is no system, no recurrence of elaborate ceremonials year after year. Indeed, the only regular dance that I have personally seen is that of the annual harvest, and that is occasionally omitted. The [755] Sick Dance, as its name implies, is for the purpose of healing the sick.

776 On the second night of my first visit to the Havasupais my companions and I were invited by Hotouta to [574] accompany him to one of these harvest thanksgiving dances. It was a wild and fantastic scene. Gathered together in a circular enclosure, the fence made of willow poles bound together with withes of the same tree, were between one hundred and two hundred Indians of both sexes in any and all manner of dress and undress. Three or four bonfires added to the weirdness by throwing peculiar lights and shadows upon the countenances of those present. At times there was a silence which became almost solemn in its intensity, and then

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

talking and chattering broke out again, as if the sound of their own voices helped, in some measure, to relieve the painfulness of the solemnity of this not-very-welcome religious ceremonial. I was actually gazing upon the preparations in progress for the sacred peach dance. One by one the notables of the tribe were pointed out to me. There stood Kohot Navaho in proud solitariness, eyeing the preparations with a moodiness which became his serious and taciturn nature. Not a thing of importance passed his eye. His keen powers of observation took in the frivolity of certain young Havasupai belles as well as the actions of the Chemehuevi Indian who was to be director of the music of this religious festival. By his side stood his second son, who, in gentle and mellifluous speech was talking to those with whom he came in contact. Hotouta, the second chief, was by my side, acting as guide, chaperon, and instructor in the mysteries. Here was his daughter, a fine buxom lass of sixteen summers, with merry, laughing eyes, saucy lips, thick black hair, cut with the usual deep fringe on her forehead, and a voice that would have been the fortune of an American girl who desired a place on the operatic stage. Yonder stood Ha-a-pat-cha, a fine athletic fellow with muscles of steel and a chest like that of an ox, whose only costume was the gee-string. He marched to and fro as if consciously proud of his fine figure, came up at a call from Hotouta and seemed to be highly pleased with his introduction to us, although there was an air of condescension in his handshake which suggested that I was the honored person. Perhaps I was! *Quien sabe?*

Near by stood Mr. Bass and a special commissioner sent by the United States Indian Department to report

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

796 [657] on the condition of the Havasupais, and seek to gain their consent to send their children to the Indian school at Fort Mohave.

I was too tired that night to stay long. So after an hour's watching I returned to Hotouta's hawa, stretched myself out on the sand — *outside* — in my blankets, and was soothed to sleep by the monotonous chant of the dancers.

796 123 Next day, in a burst of frolicsomeness I exclaimed to my friend, who was commonly called Tom by the whites: "Hotouta, why you no let me dance, all same Havasupai?"

It never entered my comprehension that Tom would regard the remark with serious attention, hence my astonishment can better be imagined than described when thoughtfully he turned to me and said:

"Maybe so! Me no know! Maybe so Havasupai no like 'em you dance. Maybe so they all same like 'em! I see pretty soon."

"Pretty soon" he came back with a cheery "All right! Navaho say you dance. Havasupai like 'em you!"

Here was a fine predicament! I had never danced a step in my life. In the few ball-rooms I had visited I had been a "wall flower." But in this case I had provoked the invitation myself, so, after a brief mental struggle, as gracefully as possible I accepted the consequences of my own rash speech.

When the hour arrived I placed myself under the hands of Hotouta, Yunosi his squaw, and their daughter, in order that I might be properly and appropriately apparelled for the occasion. The first salutation somewhat daunted me. Tom said, "You catch 'em white

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

shirt!" The only white shirt I had was a night robe which had done service to such an extent that I had placed it in my saddlebags when we left civilized regions for the purpose of wrapping up specimens of rock to take home. Its "whiteness" may have been somewhat of a memory. But I brought it forth, and waited anxiously for Hotouta's approval. He was delighted, and I felt reassured. 796 123

When it was donned, and a pair of blue overalls, I was ready to receive the painted lines of sub-chieftainship on my face, and the eagle plume in my hair.

Then, in solemn dignity, we started down, Indian file, for the dance ground. At least Hotouta and I were dignified, while behind us Mr. Bass and the special Indian Commissioner were making frantic endeavors to hold in their laughter at the rude and brutal (!) jokes they were making at my expense. We had not proceeded far before Hotouta stopped me and with solemn face said: "You dance, you no laugh. Havasupai no like 'em you laugh!" I promised to be "as sober as a judge," and not laugh, and again we proceeded, to be stopped once more by Hotouta, who explained with perfect seriousness: "Maybe so you dance heap harnegi. Havasu squaw, she like 'em you. You catch 'em one squaw. Then you dance more and maybe so you catch 'em two squaw. She come, all same" (and here Hotouta illustrated how the squaw might come and separate me from my male companion to right or left, and take my hand in the fashion afterwards described). "She take your hand, all same. You no nip. She no like 'em you nip." I promised not to "nip," and with satisfaction Hotouta now led the way to the dance ground.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

796 123 After a formal introduction to all the chiefs and their approval given to my being accepted as Hotouta's brother and a fellow chief with him in the tribe of the Havasupais, the dance began. This is how it was conducted.

796 The "evangelist" sang over a strain of a new song. A dozen or so of the leaders took it up, and as soon as they were fairly familiar with it, the others joined in. Then the women took a hand, literally as well as figuratively, for they came in and separated the men, interlocking the fingers, midway between the first and second knuckle joints, standing shoulder to shoulder, and enlarging the group until a complete circle was formed. Then, with a side shuffling motion, moving one foot to 796 the left and following it rapidly but rhythmically with 152 the other, the while lustily and seriously singing the song they had just learned, the dance continued, — a dull, monotonous, sleep-producing ceremony, until the onlooker was awakened by manifestations he little expected to see at an Indian thanksgiving dance. Very often it occurs that women of the tribe are affected with a somewhat similar excitement to that which seizes the negro when he has "the power." With a shriek, the woman hysterically leaps within the circle made by the dancers, and howls and shouts and dances and jumps, and then, perhaps, throws herself in a heavy stupor upon the ground. Some will run to the centre post, and, hanging on with one or both hands, will swing rapidly around until they fall exhausted to the ground. When the male members tire of seeing these excitable females upon the ground, they unostentatiously step up to the prostrate figures, seize their long thick hair, swing it over the shoulder, and thus proceed to

drag the now exhausted women to the fires, where friends of their own sex attend them until they "come to." 796 152

And what did all this ceremony mean? — for to the Havasupais it was a ceremony, performed with as much dignity as we perform our religious services in church or cathedral. While I was dancing Hotouta was giving an explanation to Mr. Bass. Each year this dance is performed as an act of highest devotion to gain the approbation of "Those Above." The Peach Dance is the "harvest thanksgiving" dance — when thanks are made for the gifts of the past and prayers are offered for the needs of the future. 796 [781] [782]

The leader of the singing was a Chemehuevi Indian, — a tribe located west of the Wallapais and living mainly on the California side of the Colorado River.

He was a regular "evangelist" amongst the Indians, — a native Moody, and gifted enough, musically, to perform the part of Sankey or Excell. His harangue on this occasion was an unusually fervent oration, especially cutting to Hotouta, for he was one of the chief objects of the "evangelist's" vituperation and abuse. In fact had Hotouta been a white man he would have gone away saying the preacher was "horribly personal and disgracefully abusive" to the leading members of his congregation. He explained that the reason the tribe had lost so many of its members last year by the dread "grippe" was because of their levity. They had laughed too much, gone hunting and visiting white men's camps when they ought to have been dancing. They were allowing the white man to laugh them out of the traditions of their forefathers. Then he especially denounced all friendliness to the whites, and singled out 796 537

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Hotouta, Chickapanagie, Spotted Tail, and one or two others who had been the leaders in thus countenancing the whites, and administered to them severe rebukes. After this, referring to the offer of the whites to give them farming implements, food, etc., if they would send their children to the Indians' school at Mohave, he urged his hearers to listen to no such proposals. He said in effect: "Don't send your children to the school of the white man. If you do they will grow up with the heart of the white man, and the place of the Havasupai will know them no more. Your tribe will be broken up, and then the white man will come and take possession of your canyon home where the stream ever flows and sings to the waving of willows by their side. He will rob you of your corn-fields and of your peach orchards. No longer will the place where the bodies of your ancestors were burned be sacred to you; your hunting-grounds are now all occupied by him, the deer and the antelope have nearly disappeared before his rifle, and he is hungry to possess the few things you still have left. This offer is a secret plot against you. He thinks if he cannot drive you out he will seduce you out, and this school is the offer he makes to you, so that he can get your children into his hands. There he will teach them to make fun of you; to despise your method of living; your houses, your food, your dress, your customs, your dances will all be ridiculed by him, and so you will lose the favor of 'Those Above,' and you yourselves will soon die and your name and tribe be forgotten." In other words, he endeavored to make it perfectly clear to the assembled Havasupais that the school proposition was a white man's scheme — a dodge — to get their children away so that eventually they

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

—the whites—might claim the Havasu Canyon for themselves. 796 537

Thus he exhorted time after time, and, after each sermon, sang out, line for line, a new song that he desired them to learn. At first he alone sang, then Navaho and a few of the older ones took up the strain, and soon all joined in. Then the dance began, and continued with unabated zeal and fervor until the "missioner" gave the signal for rest. Then, after another harangue, another song was learned, another dance performed, and so on, *ad libitum*. [533]

The state of mental exaltation or frenzy, not unlike those peculiar manifestations of the negroes at revival meetings, the Shakers, "having the power," etc., is not uncommon among the Havasupais. At the Thapala Dance I have seen three women almost simultaneously suddenly dart from different parts of the dance circle, and hysterically shrieking, yelling, and singing, foaming at the mouth, tearing their hair, falling down with violence, and with appalling disregard to the injury to their own bodies dash against each other, or on the great central tree trunk, which stands like a flagpole in the centre of their dance corral, yield to this uncontrollable frenzy, and remain under its influence for an hour or more. During the whole time of their ecstasy, the dance continued uninterruptedly, except when one of the frenzied women dashed towards the dancers as if to escape the circle. Then the man nearest by rudely took her by the arms, body, or shoulders and thrust her, shrieking, back into the centre of the circle. 796 152 158

Yunosi gained her present name because of her occult powers and frenzied visions. After Hotouta's death she would occasionally wake up and cry out that she saw 787

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

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SINYELA, WITH EDUWA, GOING FOR WATER.

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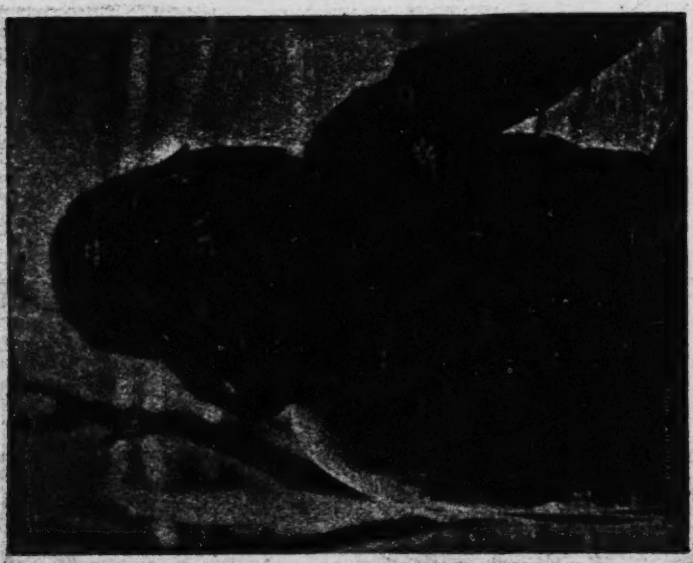

ROCK JONES, LEADING MEDICINE MAN OF HAVASUPAIS.

[FACING p. 256]

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

787 the spirit of her husband, "Tom, heap big Supai chief." And, strange to say, in these exalted moments she invariably spoke in the crude English her husband had taught her and of which she was very proud. Pointing into vacant space, with glaring eyes and excited voice, she would declare that she saw "Big chief Tom. He come back to see me. O Tom! Tom! I see you." Then turning to her friends and others around, she would shriekingly ask, "You no see? You no see?" And thus she gained her name, Yunosi.

276 787 Thinking that perhaps the Havasupais used some herb, drug, or intoxicant, similar to opium, hasheesh, or the stramonium (jimson-weed) which the Navahoes use to produce similar frenzies and visions, I took some of this, which they call smal-a-ga-to-a, and asked several if they ever used it. In every case the answer was a sharp "No! Han-a-to-op-o-gi," and one Havasu informed me it was "very bad. All same white man's whiskey." Indeed, such has been the excellent teaching they have received from their ancients, and the tenacity with which they, as a people, have adhered to it, it may be safely affirmed that the Havasupais use [273] no noxious drug, or fermented or intoxicating liquor, and that they do not know any processes by which they can be made.

756 The ways of the Havasupai medicine-men are similar to those of fakirs in all lands and ages. I have seen Rock Jones, after examining a patient, jump up and excitedly exclaim: "I can see into your head and all through your brains; down your throat and into your stomach, through your kidneys, bladder, and intestines, and you are sick, very sick, very heap sick. But I am a good medicine-man. I can cure you sure, I can cure

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

you quick. But you must promise to give me five dollars. Don't forget I must have five dollars." 756

In one case with which I was familiar, the medicine-man declared that the heart of one sick man had gone away to the topmost peak of one of the canyon walls. It would cost several dollars to charm it back, but he could do it. Yielding to the pleadings of the man without the heart, he began to exercise his charms and incantations, and the next day he came in and declared he had seen it return during the early morning hours, and his patient would recover. His prognostication was correct; the man was soon well and strong, and paid his six-dollar fee for having his heart returned to him, with due gratitude and thankfulness. [755]

Another man who had been on the trail of some runaway horses had become overheated and was attacked severely with cholera morbus. He was brought into the village nearly dead, his pains increased by a terrible soreness in his back, caused by severe vomitings. The medicine-man gave him a large dose of red pepper, and, after sucking the flesh of his stomach, bowels, and back, rubbed the body of the sick man with red pepper, and then began his incantations. Soon he declared that a Wallapai doctor who hated the Havasupais had left a long white rope on the trail over which the sick man passed, and that it was this charmed rope which had entered his body and caused the sickness. On the promise of a fee of several dollars, he expressed confidence that the rope could be successfully taken from the invalid, and that its removal would be followed by immediate recovery. After a little time had elapsed, the crafty charlatan produced a long white rope, which he said his skill had extracted. Needless 164 755 754 755

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

to add, the patient recovered, and to this day extols the wonderful skill and power of his physician.

Of late years a large number of Havasupais have been carried off with a bilious fever, with marked malarial symptoms. The usual indifference in the earlier stages of the disease gives way later on to frantic sweatings and appeals to the medicine-man, who comes and sings and seeks by his incantations to remove the evil something within the patient that causes the disease. If the sick person is daring enough to apply to the agency teacher for medicine, he knows that he no longer need expect any help from the medicine-man, whose curses will follow him to the world of doom. As in the world of civilization there is jealousy, sharp and keen, between the schools of medicine, so do the Havasupai medicine-men resent any innovations upon their time-honored customs.

Here, as elsewhere, one man's skill and reputation is oftentimes maintained by pulling down that of another. Dr. Tommy used to be a fairly successful medicine-man, but once, during a fearful epidemic of grippe, several children died under his ministrations. It was soon noticed that those parents whose children had been treated by another medicine-man were active in spreading the report that "they believed Dr. Tommy had killed the children by giving them coyote medicine." And this "tommy-rot" killed him as a medicine-man, for, though he was never brought to any trial on account of this charge, he was shunned and ostracized, and in very rare cases is ever called upon to exercise his medical powers.

There are now three medicine-men in the tribe, the chief of whom is Rock Jones, whose Havasupai names

are suggestive. They are: Pa-a-hu-ya' and In-ya-ja-al'-o, the former signifying "black," the other "the rising sun." At-nahl, whose name means a "sack," is the second in importance, and the youngest is Ma-tō-mā', commonly known as Bob. I have just asked Lanoman which is the best medicine-man of the three, and his reply when I asked "Who makes the sick people well the quickest?" was: "All same. All no good. All make people dead pretty quick!" 756

Death is supposed to be, in every case, the departure of the spirit from the body, and when the sick person is approaching death the friends and relatives, led by the medicine-man, will often sit around the invalid and sing their petitions to the departing spirit in the hope that it may be led to repent and return to the body. If the patient recovers, the medicine-man takes the credit (and what pay he can get) for the return of the spirit, and goes about in high feather, recounting to all he meets the new instance of his wonderful and occult power. [761 774] 763 755

One of the greatest insults that can be offered to the friends of a dead Havasupai is to refer to him. The reason given to me for this is that whenever a thought is sent after a dead person it either prevents his spirit continuing the journey to Shi-pa-pu, or leads him to desire to return to earth, neither of which are good for a Havasupai. 55 576 775

One of the school teachers informed me that she once, in reconvening the school after a holiday, read out the name of a child that had recently died. The moment the name was pronounced several of both boys and girls burst out, some into a wild wailing and others into fierce and angry denunciations of the wicked white woman

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

551 576 775 who had thus arrested the spirit of the deceased on its journey to the underworld.

755 [535] The last night of our first visit the Havasupais had a Sick Dance. When one of their number is very sick or about to die, the medicine-man summons the principal men and women of the camp to dance around him, in the hope of driving away the disease. It so happened that during our visit one of the young bucks was very sick, and a dance was ordered for Saturday evening. It was quite a distance away from our camp, and Vesna, whose guest we were that night, informed us that we would not be welcomed. The welcome would have been overlooked but for our need of rest, and as it was a mile or two away, it was decided not to attend, although we could hear the incantations at intervals during the night. The dance, however, was similar to such dances elsewhere. The sick man was placed in the open air and a circle formed around him, while a slow and solemn dance was engaged in by those in the circle, and all participated in the chanting of an incantation. This was kept up during the entire night, the voices of the singers at times pitched to a very high key. As soon as one in the circle grew tired, he dropped out and another took his place, but the dance and chant never ceased. If a sick man survives the noise and din and wakefulness of this until morning, it is probable that his vitality will carry him through, and he will recover.

763 If death is thought to be certainly near, the best clothes of the wardrobe are brought out and placed upon the dying person. A woman's best dress is not too good for her to die in, and a man's finest garments, even to the broadcloth cast-off "Prince Albert" received through the kindness of some white friend in

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

the East, is deemed the only appropriate gear in which to meet the dread summons to Shi-pa-pu. When life is extinct the dressed-up body is wrapped in the best blanket the hawa affords, and is then ready for the period of wailing and mourning. Relatives and friends of the deceased come and sit in the hawa, and as the spirit moves them they raise their voices in lamentation, or, singing the bravery, the daring, the good deeds of the deceased, ask for him a safe journey to the dread secret places of the underworld. Nothing can be more doleful than to hear these sad lamentations in the dead of the night. All is still, except the never-silent stream which steadily keeps up its murmur as it flows over the stones. Otherwise the very Angel of Silence seems to be brooding over the scene, for the babble of the creek merely accentuates the nearly perfect stillness. Suddenly a loud, long, minor wail rises from the hawa in the midst of the willows, and one feels that he can see the sound ascend to the heights of these enclosing walls, striking here and there, and then rebounding to opposing walls, until the canyon is full of voices, wailing one against the other and making a spirit chorus of infinite sadness and distress. The imagination unconsciously suggests that these echoing wails are the sympathizing spirit voices of men and women — former inhabitants of this canyon of the willows — who have come to weep with those who weep for their dead loved ones.

There is no fixed period for this wailing, but as soon as it is satisfactorily concluded the body is tenderly thrown across the best horse owned by the deceased, if a man, — or ridden by her, if a woman, — and, accompanied by other animals conveying some of his or her most desirable treasures, is taken to the burial or burn-

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

764 ing ground. Prior to the advent of the white man the Havasupais practised cremation, and between Bridal Veil and Mooney Falls, and also on the rim of the Grand Canyon, at a place since named Crematory Point, the 764 remains of scores of burned bodies of men and women 768 and also of horses were recently to be seen. For it was deemed of the greatest importance to give the spirit of the deceased the spirit of his dead horse, upon which he might ride to the dark abode of the underworld. Before it was burned, the horse must be strangled, and this was done by tightly tying a strip of wet buckskin around his neck, and, as it dried, it rapidly contracted and thus strangled the doomed animal. Then both human being and animal were burned.

But even this was not considered a sufficient offering to the powers of the dead. Returning to the village, a peach tree in the orchard of the dead man was cut down that it might also be "dead" and thus accompany its owner to the spirit world and give him its refreshing fruit there. On the death of a chieftain or great warrior, several peach trees — thapala — are cut down.

Of late years, however, these customs of cremation, strangling of horses, burning of treasures, and cutting down of peach trees have not been as universal as formerly. Hotouta, the oldest son of Kohot Navaho, the last of the old chiefs, had great influence with his people, and Mr. Bass succeeded in convincing him of the extravagant folly of thus wasting on the dead, to whom the sacrifices were of no benefit, that which could be of so much use to the living. Consequently his influence materially helped to change the custom from cremation to ground interment. Later, after Hotouta's death, when several families had gone back to the old

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

habit of cremation, others exercised their influence with the Havasupais to lead them to abandon the old custom. These endeavors were all effective to a large extent, and, when Captain Navaho, the last great Kohot the Havasupais will ever have, died in 1898, he was buried instead of being cremated. Late in 1897, however, the son of Sinyela died, and though in many things Sinyela is one of the most progressive of the Havasupais, he and his brother took the boy's body across a horse, tied an axe to the corpse, and started up the canyon towards Topocobya. When they returned the axe had been used, the horse was strangled, and burned bones of human and equine bodies in a side gorge attest the hold the old superstitions and customs still have upon the Havasupai mind.

And again in the summer of 1899 — May or June — when the daughter of the present Kohot and wife of Lanoman (another son of Sinyela) died, Lanoman felt that nothing short of the old and time-honored method of cremation would be suitable for the daughter of the new chief and the wife of so smart and bright an Indian as himself. For Lanoman knew more English, perhaps, than any other Havasupai, and was afflicted with the not uncommon complaint of great self-esteem and conceit. Accordingly, the body was clothed in the finest blankets of the wardrobe, and many precious things were taken with it to the Havasu Canyon below Mooney Falls. Tenderly the body was lowered down the already nearly useless ladder, and after suitable wailing, the funeral pyre was built, the body placed thereupon, more wood heaped around and over the body, and then the whole fired. When the body was destroyed, the mourners returned, kicking

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

764 down the upper portion of the ladder as they did so,
768 that no other Havasupai should be burned there, and also that no white foot should again desecrate the sacred precincts of the lower Havasu Canyon. Then, that the favorite horse of the woman thus honored after her death should follow her to the underworld, it was taken to the edge of the plateau above, from which the descent to Bridal Veil and the upper portion of Mooney Falls is made, the wet strip of buckskin tied around its neck, and, as the cord dried and tightened, and the poor animal began to reel and totter in its death struggles, it was given a push, tumbled over the edge, and — instead of descending to the lower canyon at the foot of the Falls where the burned body was — fell on the shelves of limestone accretions which terrace the canyon at the side of the Falls, bounded from one terrace to another, and then, to the infinite disgust of the mourners, lodged there. And there it still remains — or what is left of it, for, as I passed by in July, 1899, though I could not see the animal, the frightful odor of the carrion ascended to the very heavens.